

# Bad Decisions

Professor Green

A wise man once said, to wake up, you've got to go to sleep!

There's no more rules to break  
You've made all of your mistakes yeah  
You had a choice to make and you made another bad decision  
There's no more rules to break  
You've made all of your mistakes yeah  
No need to calculate, the sum of all your bad decisions

Voices in my head, choices in my bed  
I should be rolling out but I'm rolling up instead  
Plans out the window somebody's at the door  
Patterns on the ceiling bodies on the floor  
Socks in the sock drawer drawing my sock  
I'm going all out, are we all in or what?  
Same old story every bloody weekend  
Sunday I'm on a weight, Monday I'm in the deep end  
Right who wants what? I want one, you want one and you want one  
One plus one plus one is three, we might as well get a Henry  
Quick maths!

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Come on mate, it's only 8 start early finish early  
Start early finish late I'm already in a state  
In a rave over East, the night ain't going west yet  
Next thing you know we're in a cab to the West End  
Feeling super drinking my juice  
Doing bumps getting pranged in the back of the Uber  
Nearly hit the box still gotta get our tickets though  
Oh wait up, hold up a minute my phone's ringing bro

Alright Steve  
Hello mate what's happening  
Having a cheeky one are you?  
Yeah is Henry about?  
He is mate but I'm not around later, sure you don't wanna take a half?  
Awww... fuck it

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You know the clues skip the queue  
Step in the club, get a table and order a couple bottles of booze  
Bottles of patron patron however you pronounce it  
Add one or two shots but who's counting  
Hopped outside to meet thingy for the thing  
Knocked[?] on the door ain't no trouble getting in

Hopped outta the van was on my way back to the gang  
With half an ounce in my hand when I bumped into a fan  
"Oi you're Professor Green ain't ya?  
You are ain't you, you're him!"  
What do you want? A picutre?  
"Nah I don't want a picture mate, you're nicked!"  
Shoved the fed now I'm legging it through SoHo  
Tryna hold my jeans up I shouldn't wear 'em so low  
Straight across [?] nearly hit a rickshaw  
If I get caught I know all too well what I'm in for  
Left down Broadwick I'm running out of breath  
I already know how I'm getting out of this mess  
I ain't going in for nothing even though the cops got me  
The packets in the rickshaw I ain't got nothing on me officer